





## The Horse.

## NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

The Board of Review of the National Trotting Association met in New York City last week. They took action on 112 cases, and the balance were postponed till May next, when the Board meets at Chicago. The most notable case before the Board was that of Wm. McGaughey, of this State, who was expelled twelve years ago for being a party to the famous "ringing" campaign with Small Hopes, which resulted in the expulsion of the horse and all concerned. The late W. H. Vanderbilt afterwards bought Small Hopes, and several attempts were made to remove the penalty, but without result. While Vanderbilt owned the horse he drove him and Lady Mack a mile to wagon in the best time made up to that date—namely, 3:33. McGaughey drove the horse in the "ringing" campaign, and afterwards made a boast of the successful manner in which he and the owners of the horse, Jackson parties, "did up" the people who were green enough to put money in a pool-box on a horse race. He has at last been reinstated, and can now be pointed out as a case where the most barefaced fraud has been condoned, and the party placed in a position where he can repeat it. We regard his reinstatement as a very serious error on the part of the Board, and one likely to bear fruit in the encouragement it holds out to dishonest owners and drivers to take the chances of being reinstated if they are caught in their dishonest practices.

## TO START A NEW FAMILY OF HORSES.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, thinks there is a place for a new family of horses differing in some respects from any known at present. He has fixed the standard of the horse he thinks would fill a popular want, and is now thinking out a system of breeding which he believes will secure it. He has determined to test the result of breeding pure Arabian stallions to choice specimens of Percheron mares. When he has secured animals of the type desired he will interbreed them to fix it. Mr. E. W. Cottrell, who is well known to many of our readers in connection with improved stock, and a man of considerable experience, has been sent by the Senator to France. There he will purchase thirty or forty Percheron stallions and mares of the best type. Mr. Cottrell will then consult Mr. Charles Du Hays, the head of the Bureau of Hippogones in the Department of Agriculture in France, as to the best method of transporting Arabian horses from Damascus to Marseilles, and if he receives encouraging information, will go to Damascus and purchase five full-blooded Arabian horses and bring them to Detroit. Nothing but the choicest animals obtainable will be brought back, and the results of a practical test of the Senator's ideas of breeding will be watched with interest.

## "Agricultural Hoss Trots."

We fear that there are some who entertain too strong a prejudice against the indulgence of horse trotting at fairs. While we are ready to admit that there are sometimes undesirable features connected with the same, we also assert that there are two sides to the case, and with one side continually brought to the attention of the public, it seems to be very much like the case being tried by a country justice, who, on hearing the side of the plaintiff, declared that "he had got his case." With the constant objections to horse trotting at fairs people have come to look upon it as a monstrous evil, and this is especially the case with those farmers who are exhibitors in other classes, such as fruits, vegetables, live stock, etc. It is said that horse trotting keeps the better class of the community away, and that the money paid for horses is out of proportion to that paid for other animals and farm products. Now how is it with regard to the real attractions of the fair? The pens are filled with cattle, sheep, swine and poultry; the buildings with such specimens of fruits, grains, vegetables, articles of antiquity, art and domestic manufactures. Viewing all these is a surging and ever moving crowd of humanity, composed of all grades and classes of society, men of all trades and professions. Let it be announced that the races are to commence, and the attention of nearly the entire crowd is turned immediately to the races and its result. We know whereof we speak. Now regarding the horses: in many cases but little money is actually drawn from the society for the reason that for every horse that enters the race a fee of one-tenth the amount of the purse must be paid.

Now take the case of farmers, for meritorious varieties of apples. The premium is—say one dollar, and a producer desires to enter twenty varieties of apples. Applying the same rule of entrance fee, he would be compelled to pay two dollars for the privilege of competing for one. If farmers were compelled to pay for entrance of articles one-tenth the amount of the prize to be obtained, agricultural fairs would soon be a thing of the past, because there would be no exhibitors. But with the horseman the rule becomes imperative, and it is frequently the case that with purses aggregating one thousand dollars, the actual cost to the society is not more than one or two hundred dollars. And, however much the attempt may be made to disguise the fact, there is no question but that the extra attendance drawn to see the horse trotting is very much more than pays the entire bill. We have seen team after team, carriages with ladies and gentlemen, drive upon the grounds to witness trotting, not leaving their carriages for any other attraction. We say again that the question is not wholly one-sided.—*German Town Telegraph.*

BOWMAN BROTHERS, of Lexington, Ky., had one of their stables burned on Wednesday night of last week, in which were five valuable horses. One was a stallion by Red Wilkes, out of a mare by Mambrino Patchen, and another a filly by Wedgewood. The total loss is estimated at \$4,000. The fire was of incendiary origin, having been started in three places.

## Horse Gossip.

There are five members of the American Clydesdale Association in Michigan.

PATRON'S service fee has been placed at \$300, then he is the greatest trotting-bred stallion in the world.

MR. M. W. NICHOLS, of Plainville, Allegan County, has brought into that neighborhood from Stratford, Ontario, a young Clydesdale stallion.

MR. C. E. WAKEMAN, of Port Huron, has sold a half interest in his six months' old colt by Sultan, dam by Golden Bow, to M. Pedmore, of Fenton, Genesee County. The colt is said to be quite promising.

S. A. BROWN & CO., of the Kalamazoo Stock Farm, have sold to J. S. Dorr, Ottawa, Ill., the colt Endorser, by Empire 2378, dam Flora, by the Kendall horse, a son of Vermont Hero 141; 2d dam by a son of Champion 307.

The good do not always die young. Here is Green Mountain Maid, the greatest producer of trotters, now 25 years old, with a weanling at her side valued at \$8,000. From this it may be reasoned that she is improving with age.

FARRELL & GODFREY, of Parma, this State, have sold the grey mare Hattie H., sired by Louis Napoleon, dam by Mambrino Chief, to a Flint party. The mare is now four years old, and with her breeding should be a valuable brood mare, even if she does not develop extraordinary speed.

The stock of Pilot Medium, the son of Happy Medium, owned by Mr. Walter Clark, of Battle Creek, appears to be in demand among horsemen. Mr. Clark is reported to have recently sold to Ohio parties the bay yearling colt Kingman, by Pilot Medium, dam by Daniel Lambert; the bay two-year-old filly Jennie R., by Pilot Medium, dam by Magna Charta; the bay yearling Magna Maid, sister to Jennie R., and the grey two-year-old Anna V., by Pilot Medium, dam by Daniel Lambert.

At the Hay District track, San Francisco, Cal., on November 16th, Mr. Marvin, Senator Stanford's trainer, trotted two Palo Alto representatives for records to rule. Whip station, by Rictioneer, dam Lizzie Whips (thoroughbred), by Enquirer, from Grand Duchess, by Vandal, covered a mile in 2:27 1/4, and Carlisle, a three-year-old by Piedmont, dam Ida Belle, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, trotted a mile in 2:28 1/2. This must be a mistake, or the theory of the horse editor of the *Breeder's Gazette* that a colt from a thoroughbred dam is never a trotter is a little "off." But most theories are when confronted with facts.

## The Farm.

## Feeding Rough Feed.

J. M. Stahl, in the *Indiana Farmer*, writing about it using the rough feed on the farm, says:

I occasionally read some truly startling reports of the gain from cutting stover. Cutting cannot add anything to the feed. You have just as many pounds of hay after you have cut it as you had before, and its chemical composition is the same. Nor do I think that in cutting corn fodder the gain from getting the animals to eat the fodder up cleaner will compensate for cutting. When the fodder is fed properly, not so fed that the animals trample it under their feet and deposit their droppings on it or their feeding grounds; they will eat all of the fodder except the butts of the stalks. A good part of these butts they will eat if cut into bits; but the butts have so little feed value, being composed mostly of woody fibre, that the gain will be poor pay for the labor of cutting the feed.

It does not follow from this, however, that it does not pay to cut stover. It is not what an animal eats, but what it digests, that determines the profit or loss. Cattle feed the food may so aid digestion as to make the cutting very profitable. On this point, the best evidence is to the effect that when the cutting is preliminary to other judicious manipulations of the feed, that it is nearly always profitable; but that when cutting is all and ends all, whether or not it is profitable is a problem. Thus, feed is best digested when the grain and stover are well mixed together in the animal's stomach. They must be masticated together; and the mixture is most thorough when the stover is cut and the grain ground, and both moistened just enough to make them adhere to each other, and well mixed before they are fed. This manner of feeding gets all possible of the feeding value of both grain and stover. It is a fair problem whether or not it pays to grind grain to feed it alone; in fact, often when it is fed alone the grinding does more harm than good. So it is with cutting stover; it may be a fair problem whether it will pay to cut it when it is to be fed alone. But when feed is as scarce as now, the fact should be kept in mind that the most is got from a certain amount of feed by grinding the grain and cutting the stover, and mixing them well together before they are fed.

There is nothing doubtful, however, about the profitability of so feeding stover that none is lost bodily. Feeding "roughness" on the ground stamps a man as behind the times. There are doubtless seasons when some men are justified in turning their cattle on the strawstacks. The need of their land for manure is not, however, a sufficient excuse for this; for the straw would be almost as valuable for manure after it had passed through the animals as before. But sometimes a man has more stover than stock, and straw will not sell for enough to make fair wages for handling it. Not so this year, and therefore we must not turn the animals to the stacks. Hay, straw and fodder may be fed from racks. This is a great saving over throwing the feed on the ground, but I have found pole mangers better than racks. With the pole mangers there is no waste, the animals feed with greater ease (the comfort of the animal is of too much importance to be disregarded) and there is no danger of the animals getting chaff or seeds in their eyes.

I make the pole mangers four feet wide and as long as my poles will allow. Notch them just enough to keep them from rolling and pin down the upper course. The mangers should be made about two feet deep. A pole is pinned over the middle of the manger. The cattle can eat from both sides. It can be taken down and built up again in fifteen minutes.

## What of the Potato?

The potato as a natural vegetable product is a monstrosity. It is simply a mass of starch granules grouped together in grotesque and irregular ways, so that protuberances of greater or less size, puffed up into singular forms, make up the structure. The potato, viewed as an article of food, has few nutrient principles to recommend it, but as a table luxury it is highly esteemed in all lands where it has been introduced. What is more appetizing than a healthy potato just from the hot oven, with the pleasant aroma rising with the liberated steam as the outer covering is removed, and with crumbling, snowy-white starch granules falling upon the plate at the breakfast table? But nature never intended that it should subsist as a single purpose in human alimentation; it is one which is strictly secondary. The high purpose of foods is two-fold: first to maintain animal warmth; second, to supply the needed amount of energy which every-day labor demands. The waste of the body which is constantly occurring, sleeping or waking, must be met by a supply of food which contains the chemical principles fitted to replenish and sustain the body. The element nitrogen is the important agent in foods which supplies force or energy, and this the potato holds only in insignificant quantities. It is capable of supplying warmth to a considerable extent, but it cannot be regarded as a carbonaceous food of high value.

The only people in the world who have fallen into the grievous error of striving to subsist entirely upon potatoes, are the Irish. It cannot be doubted that nearly or quite all the ills that trouble unhappy Ireland are due to the humble potato. The Irish are the meanest folk people living in a civilized land of which we have any knowledge; they are in a condition of semi-starvation, even when in their highest prosperity.

Every visitor in Ireland is struck with the "pot-bellied" appearance of the natives, men and women. This abnormal distention of the abdominal walls is due to the enormous amount of potatoes which they are called upon to consume in order to maintain a tolerable degree of health. If this people would quit the cultivation of the potato, and supply its place with cereal grains, Ireland would soon become a happy and prosperous nation.

The Irish problem is regarded by English statesmen as an exceedingly intricate one. It is certainly of a nature which cannot be solved by angry debates in Parliament or by ministerial changes. But if the English landowners will take the trouble to visit Ireland, and remain long enough to change its soil production from potatoes to cereal grains, Irish riots and discontent will soon cease.

Half-starved men and women can never be happy, and an exclusive diet of potatoes, no matter how large the quantity used, will only serve to maintain people in a feeble, half-starved, revolutionary, quarrelsome condition.—*Popular Science News.*

## A Great Cheese Show.

There are few who realize on what an enormous scale these exhibitions are sometimes made in Great Britain. Thus at the cheese show held by the Ayrshire Agricultural Society at Kilmarnock, October 29th, there were nearly 700 entries—no less than 35 competitors coming forward with lot of one ton each. The number competing in the half-ton classes we do not see, but the aggregate collection, consisting of 15,000 cheeses, reaching a gross weight of over 600 tons, and representing a money value stated at \$36,000, or about \$180,000! In quality the average standard is said to have been very high. It is a cheese fair as well as show, but trade was rather dull and prices not equal to anticipation of sellers, ranging from 56 to 62 shillings per cwt. for Dunlop cheese; about 65 shillings for Cheddar, and 70 shillings for Stilton. American cheese was selling at same date in Liverpool at an average of 58s. per cwt. (112 lbs.).

## Too Yellow for the Judges.

The *N. Y. World* tells the following: Mrs. Senator Sherman, in addition to being one of the best read and most highly accomplished society women of the capital, is a thorough housekeeper, and she understands cooking almost as well as the chef of the White House. At her home in Mansfield, O., she keeps some fine Jersey cows, and her butter is made after her own directions. Not long ago she sent a roll of this butter to the county fair of Richland County, in which Mansfield is situated; and in order that no favoritism might be shown on account of the butter coming from the wife of Senator Sherman she did not allow any name to be attached to her exhibit. The judges awarded the premium to another party, and they passed over the butter of Mrs. Sherman on the ground that the rich yellow shown in it could not have been produced except by artificial means. Mrs. Sherman was somewhat indignant at the suspicion, and sent, I am told, a slice of the butter to each of the judges, with her compliments. The cream of which it was made was so rich that it was as yellow as the gold of Ophir.

## Handling Seed Potatoes.

W. W. Tracy, of this city, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "A great many experiences, rather than tests made for the special purpose, have convinced me that potatoes are greatly injured for seed purposes by sprouting. In one case a few tubers of a new sort were put in a bed and sprouted like sweet potatoes, and I think I got five sets of plants, but whatever the number, the first plants were materially the best and yielded the most. When the potatoes are dug they are not allowed to lie in the sun more than two hours, after which they are put in a pit covered with straw or cornstalks for a few days, and then they are covered with boards and earth, the ends of the pit being left open. Later on the ends are closed and a very small amount of ventilation is afforded by means of a wisp of straw which extends up through the center to the open air. Care should be taken to have a space of at least eight inches (better 12) between the top of the potatoes and the covering of the pit, which should be five by eight or ten feet—not larger. The first covering of six inches of soil is not put on until danger of frost makes it necessary, and the remaining coverings are added as the weather demands.

There is first a pole supporting a board of boards, then six inches of soil, then eight inches of manure. A straw ventilator is left in.

## Prickly Comfrey.

We are sorry to see agricultural journals of character and respectability recommending prickly comfrey to the attention of their readers. It is a plant that deserves no other attention than to destroy it as a bad weed wherever it may be found. Cattle do not like it, and if eaten unfavorably results follow. It is not a great cropper unless in very rich land that would be far more profitable if devoted to some other crop.

A reader of the *Farmer*, who tested comfrey upon a rather large scale a few years ago in Massachusetts, and for a time was quite elated over the prospect, is now thoroughly disgusted with it, and is diligently trying to exterminate it from his land, which is not an easy thing to do.

Whenever we see this weed recommended as a forage plant, we cannot help wondering if the writer has a lot of plants he wishes to find a market for.

We have been three years in utterly destroying a few bunches of this plant which a former owner had introduced into our garden as an experiment. It sprouts from the roots like horseradish, and is as near a "live-forever" as any plant we know of.—*N. E. Farmer.*

## Water for Fattening Animals.

The American Cattleman bids farmers observe the requirements for water for milch cows and fattening animals, saying: "The instinct of a fattening animal teaches it not to drink a great deal of water, especially when both weather and water are cold. As the amount of fat increases beyond a certain limit, nervous force decreases in proportion. Instead of being restless and uneasy from hunger, there is a quiet laziness that the feeder likes to see. In this condition there is far less waste of moisture from the system by evaporation than in the case when an animal is thin in flesh. There is besides in the fattening animal a gradual hardening of the flesh, caused by the substitution of fat for water in the system, which is what causes the superior richness and high flavor of well-fattened meat. It has not only more fat, but proportionally also a great deal less of water, than lean from poorly fattened animals."

These facts explain some results of feeding that have often puzzled farmers and others. They find that well-fed stock while fattening rapidly do not want much drink, even on dry feed. When they are given pumpkins, roots or silage in cool weather, they scarcely drink at all, often passing several days without showing any wish to visit the watering-trough. If a highly grain-fed animal shows signs of thirst, the fact is generally evidence that it has had an over-feed, which has caused a fever and derangement of digestion. If this is the case much care should be taken to prevent the animal from drinking too much, especially of very cold water. It is cruel and bad policy also to withhold all water, and quite as much so to allow the suffering beast to drink its fill. Its instincts in this deranged condition of the system are no longer a safe guide to its appetite. In fact, a beast then needs as much restraint about its drinking habits as some men do all the time.

The heating effects of an over-feeding of grain, and especially of corn, are aggravated by pouring into the overloaded stomach a mass of ice-cold water. There is heat enough inside to seem to require this cold bath, but it is none the less unwise. The result is a severe purging that debilitates the digestion more than anything else. Water should be given, but in limited quantities, and warm enough to have the chill taken from it. There will probably be some diarrhea and a proportional disturbance of digestion, but there will be less than if the water is given cold, and without other limit than the deranged craving of an animal suffering from internal fever caused by over-feeding.

Prevention is always better than cure. We know no better means of preventing injurious drinking habits among fattening animals than always warning their drink, and then limiting the amount, giving them no more than they could drink were it given cold. If the food is green or moist little or no water will be required in cold weather. But if grain and hay are the staple rations, give always rather less warm water than the animal wants. In this way it can be gradually educated to require less drink, and at the same time materially improve its fattening. The judicious feeder can tell a good deal by the character of the excrement. In cold weather on dry feed it should be always rather more solid than that from store animals of the same kind. If at any time it becomes thin and watery, the fact shows the animal is suffering from gastric derangement, from either excess of feed, or too much cold water, or both combined.

## Ranching in South America.

In 1885 there were 41,000,000 sheep in the United States, 72,000,000 in Australia, and 100,000,000 in the Argentine Republic. We have two-thirds of a sheep to every inhabitant; in the Argentine Republic there are twenty-five sheep, and in Uruguay forty sheep, to every man, woman and child. We have 40,000,000 of horned cattle to a population of 60,000,000; the Argentine Republic and Uruguay have 38,000,000 of cattle to a population of 4,500,000. In Uruguay, with a population of 500,000 souls, there are 8,000,000 of cattle, 30,000,000 of sheep, 2,000,000 horses, or 60 head of stock for each man, woman and child. Fifteen million dollars have been invested in wire fences in Uruguay alone, and more than twice as much in the Argentine Republic. In either of these countries a cow can be bought for \$5, a steer for \$10 for the market, or for \$10 or \$12, a pair of oxen for \$25, a sheep for \$10 or \$12, an ordinary working horse for \$8 or \$10 and a roadster for \$25, a mule for \$15, and a mare for whatever her hide will bring. Mares are never broken to saddle or harness, but are allowed to run wild in the pastures from the time they are foaled until they cease to be of value for breeding, when they are driven to the saladeros or slaughter houses and killed for their hides. A man who would use a mare under the saddle or before a wagon would be considered of unsound mind. There is a superstition against it.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Agricultural Items.

NEXT year the word "fat" will be omitted from the title of the annual show of live stock at Chicago; it will be the "Stock Show."

New York tobaccoists have purchased 10,000 acres of tobacco lands in West Florida. They have sent to Sumatra and Cuba for the best seed obtainable.

There is a chance for inventive genius to experiment in the manufacture of an apparatus for warming water for stock in winter, which shall be safe, cheap, durable and convenient.

FALL-made butter is always preferred to that of summer, because the weather being cold the milk is kept at the proper temperature to make the cream in the best condition, making butter of great solidity, and the grasses that start after the fall rains give it a fine flavor.

At the Ontario Agricultural College, an experiment in feeding 18 head of store cattle with 12 pounds of hay, 35 pounds of turnips and nine pounds of wheat bran per head daily, and also the same amount of hay and roots but with different kinds of grain, resulted in the lowest cost of production on the bran ration.

A FRENCH experimenter says the yield of milk from cows is in direct proportion to the quantity of water they drink. Cows which drink less than 27 quarts per day he says are necessarily poor cows. Such cows give from five to seven quarts of milk daily, while those that drink 50 quarts of water are excellent milkers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cattleman* says: "I do not believe that any colt was ever foaled vicious or balky. The general theory is that you must compel a colt to do everything as it comes along, and if he does not do it, he is considered sulky or balky or vicious, when in reality he does not understand what a wanted of him any more than does an untaught child know about geometry."

The Country Gentleman, after remarking that the late George Goddard believed it cheaper to renew the siding of farm buildings than to cover them with paint as a preservative, says it is still more economical to soak lumber for such purposes in crude petroleum. A gallon will cover 100 square feet and can be applied rapidly with a whitewash brush, and it will preserve the boards for more than twice their usual time.

The American Cattleman says the importance of raising cows is well understood by farmers; but comparatively few know that quite as much often depends upon judicious rotation of manures. The different kinds vary greatly in their constituent elements, and if applied successively in large amounts, they may leave the soil deficient with some kinds of plant food while enriched in others. This often happens where grain is largely grown for sale instead of being fed upon the farm. In all well-kept growing sections, no matter how the land is kept up in other respects there is pretty sure to be deficiency in phosphate of lime. When the wheat falls from this cause a dressing of 200 pounds per acre of superphosphate brings good crops for a number of years. Most barnyard manure is deficient in phosphate of lime. It is especially liable to be so when stock is fed on corn.

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## The Poultry Yard.

## Incubator Chicks.

At Hammon, N. J., over 60 persons are engaged in raising broilers for city markets and they have got the business "down fine." One of the parties engaged writes to the *Rural New Yorker* some of the requisites of the business. He says:

Success or failure in hatching and raising broilers depends upon the beginning of the work, and the first consideration is the egg; for the success of the enterprise depends upon the kinds of eggs used. No poultryman can afford to provide suitable eggs for incubators (or hens either) at regular market prices, as more labor is involved and more care bestowed, as follows: The fowls must be correctly mated; the cocks must be pure and in no manner related to the hens; pullets must not be less than 10 months old, and be mated with cocks not under 18 months old, while hens should be mated with a young cock not over 18 months old. The eggs must be laid in a warm house, where they cannot become chilled; they must be collected frequently, in order to prevent exposure to cold. If there is danger of such; they must be sent to the custom r in as fresh condition as possible; they must be shipped in egg crates that will insure protection from cold while on the journey; they must be uniform, no very small eggs, double-yolked eggs or ill-shaped eggs to be allowed. The cocks must be active and vigorous. If they are of a large breed they should be mated with only 10 hens, but if they are medium-sized, or small, they may be mated with 12 or 15 hens each.

The feeding of the hens, and the manner in which they are kept, are very important. A hen used for a breeder and one used for market should be fed differently. A laying hen needs no carbonaceous food other than barely sufficient to provide for the warmth of her body; and if she is kept in a building warmed artificially she will want but little grain, as the carbon for the yolk will be provided in sufficient quantities in all kinds of food. The food of a laying hen should be as nutritious as possible. Under no conditions must she become fat. Hence chopped clover (steeped), meat, and milk, with only a small allowance of wheat, makes the best food, the wheat to be so given that she must work for it. Scratching is always a good indication in a hen. Eggs from a hen in moderate condition, fed on food rich in nitrogen, and full of activity, always hatch well. The proof of this is seen in the case of the hen that steals her nest, for she hunts for her food, and is active and not too fat. Her eggs hatch well because the chicks within are produced by vigorous parents, and all the chicks have the same vitality, while the eggs we place under a sitting hen are of all sorts and from all kinds of parents, some hatching well

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17. Scrophulous, etc.	25	.25
18. Consumption, etc.	25	.25
19. Piles, etc.	25	.25
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while others do not. It is not necessary to use eggs from hens running at large, but they must be from a hens kept exercised and in good breeding condition.

NINTENTHS of the failures to secure good hatches in winter are due to inferior eggs.

If you do not wish to waste food, give the fowls no food for 24 hours before they are to be killed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Kansas Farmer* says: "For general use, for meat and eggs the year round, I have no doubt Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes are among the best; they are all hardy, prolific layers, and in fine poultry when dressed. They have yellow legs and yellow skin, which are demanded in our markets."

ONE of the chief industries of Hammon, N. J., is the raising of broilers for the city market. There is over half a mile of broiler houses. The first consideration is the eggs, on which success or failure depends, for of course the chicks are all hatched in incubators. They pay 60 cents per dozen for eggs provided especially for the purpose.

If the premises are kept uniformly clean; if the fowls-houses are not overcrowded, and are well ventilated; if the stock is fed judiciously with sound and varied food; if the birds are kept free from lice and are housed comfortably in cold and bad weather, and pure fresh water is furnished



## Horticultural.

## A NEW DISEASE OF THE GRAPE.

In the report of the Department of Agriculture for 1886 there is a history and description of a new disease of the grape, Anthracnose (*Sphaecula ampelina*, De By) with suggestions as to remedial agents, which, as the disease has appeared in this State, will be of interest to our grape growers. The report says:

In so far as we have any evidence, this is a comparatively new disease in this country, and one which is likely to seriously affect the grape interests in the middle and central States, if not held in check by prompt treatment. It has already become distributed over a wide extent of territory. Specimens exhibiting this disease were received at the Department the past season from South Carolina, Michigan, Illinois, Delaware and New Jersey. Prof. T. J. Burrill, of Champaign, Ill., first observed it in central Illinois in 1881, and afterwards in many localities in that State; also in Indiana, near Indianapolis; in Michigan, at Lansing; in Ohio, at Cleveland. All the samples received affected with this disease were of white or light-colored varieties. The berries of the Elvira, in one instance, were entirely destroyed by it.

In Europe it has been known for many years, and has received various names, as "Charbon," "Brenner," "Schwarze Brenner," "Pech," etc., but that which has come into most general use is "Anthracnose," derived from the two Greek words for "coal" and "disease."

Anthracnose, like the "Black-Rot," is caused by a minute fungus, the habit of which, however, is radically different from the fungus of that disease, as also the external changes which it induces. All the green parts of the vine are subject to its attacks from the beginning of spring vegetation until the close of the growing season, and, when very abundant, the injury occasioned to the young shoots is quite as serious as its action on the fruit.

## EXTERNAL CHARACTERS.

The external characters of Anthracnose are determined by the growth of a special fungus, as has been demonstrated by inoculations or sowings of the fungus spores upon healthy shoots and berries.

On the Shoots.—There first appear minute brown spots, a little depressed in the middle, with a slightly raised dark-colored ring or border. These spots increase in size, elongating in direction of the strig of the bark, the central portion becomes more evidently destroyed, and in severe cases the woody tissues beneath appear as if burned or corroded, so deeply sometimes as to reach the pith.

On the Leaves.—The action of the fungus on the leaves is similar to that upon the stems, and it is certainly very evident that where the diseased spots are numerous and the development of the fungus proceeds without interruption both shoots and leaves must succumb to the parasite. The intensity of the disease upon the shoots may cause the destruction of the young leaves even when the latter are not directly attacked.

On the Berries.—So far as my own observations are concerned, the severity of this disease has been especially marked upon the fruit. The first external manifestation of the disease is a small spot, grayish in the center, where the cuticle of the berry has been destroyed, with a dark-brown border. Previous to the bursting or rupturing of the cuticle the entire spot is of a deep brown color.

These spots enlarge, retaining a more or less regular, rounded outline, and between the light-colored central portion and the dark border-line there often appears a well-defined band of bright vermillion. Finally, under the action of the disease the berries begin to wither and dry up, leaving nothing apparently but the skin and the seeds. There is no browning of the tissues of the berry, as in the case of the Black-Rot, nor does the skin shrivel, as in that disease, leaving prominent and very irregular ridges, but the circular spots first formed are easily seen and the colorings characteristic of the disease are retained, imparting a striking appearance which has given rise to the local name of "Bird's eye rot." A berry may be attacked upon one side when it is not more than half grown; it then becomes irregular in shape, the diseased part making no further development, and it sometimes happens that this side cracks open, exposing the seeds, which are gradually forced out by the unequal growth.

## THE FUNGUS.

The fungus of Anthracnose (*Sphaecula ampelina*) doubtless belongs to the same class as that which includes the fungus of the Black-Rot, but the several stages of its development have never been satisfactorily made out. The spores of the *Sphaecula* germinate readily in water, and if those germinating spores are sown upon the green and healthy parts of the vine the characteristic spots of Anthracnose will appear in about eight days. In often-repeated experiments the disease has shown itself at the points where the spores were sown, and nowhere else.

## REMEDIES.

The *Sphaecula* grows very near the surface, and as soon as it has burst through the epidermis it is practically exposed in all its parts to the direct action of fungicides. Much mischief to the vine may be done before this exposure of the mycelium and spores takes place, and consequently, where as elsewhere, prevention is more valuable than cure.

Certain varieties of grapes are more subject to this disease than others, but if we attempt to avoid Anthracnose, Black-Rot, and the Mildews by a system of selection based upon this principle, we will have to discard grape culture entirely, or at least all those varieties which are most highly prized. The kinds that usually escape the mildew are, in some cases, the very ones most "susceptible" to the Black-Rot, and those which may "resist" the latter malady may be the first to succumb to the Anthracnose.

Anthracnose is most prevalent in wet seasons and in low situations or where the vineyards are poorly drained; and too heavy manuring, especially with fresh stable manure, is said to favor its development.

Water in a condensed form is necessary for the diffusion and propagation of the fungus of Anthracnose, and any appliance that will prevent deposition of rain or dew upon the foliage or other parts of the vine will secure immunity from the disease. Inclosing the half-grown bunches of grapes in paper bags will doubtless be as useful a protection of the berries against Anthracnose as from Black-Rot, and for the same reasons. This system of vine protection, excepting for the berries, is hardly practicable in vineyards of any size, and other remedies must be sought.

In districts in Europe where the vines are subject to this disease the practice is quite general to bathe or wash the vines in early spring, before the buds have commenced to expand, with a strong solution (50 percent.) of sulphate of iron, applied with an ordinary mop or large sponge, fixed to the end of a stick two or three feet long. This washing should be done when the atmosphere is damp, in order to prevent a too rapid evaporation of the iron solution, which otherwise might result in injury to the vine. When the young shoots have attained a length of five or six inches they receive a good dusting with the flowers of sulphur, whether the disease has appeared on them or not. The new growth is then carefully watched, and at the first sign of the malady the vines are again treated, this time with sulphur, which has been added one-third to one-half its bulk of powdered lime. If the progress of the disease is not checked by this treatment the sulphur is omitted in subsequent applications, which are of finely pulverized lime.

Where this treatment of the vines with sulphate of iron, followed by heavy and frequent use of sulphur or sulphur and lime, has been adhered to for several years, Anthracnose now rarely appears, or has ceased to be injurious, even in locations where before it was exceedingly destructive.

From recent experiments it appears that quicker and more positive results may be obtained with the aid of sulphate of copper. To the iron solution (500 grams to the liter of water), with which the vines are bathed just before the buds begin to expand in the spring, sulphate of copper was added at the rate of 50 grams to the liter; and in the sulphurings which follow add to the sulphur one-tenth its weight in sulphate of copper, very finely powdered.

A correspondent in *La Vigna Americana*, December, 1886, states that he treated his vines for Anthracnose, by liberally washing them with the Bordeaux mixture. This application was made during the season of growth, for the writer goes on to say that "in a short time the disease disappeared, vegetation started up again with vigor; the clusters which still remained at the time of treatment took a normal development, and in autumn the vines were finer than they had ever been." He had often used sulphate of iron for the same disease, but never with such a result.

It is greatly to be hoped that those having vines subject to this disease will give these remedies a thorough trial, both to determine their value and quickness of action.

## Beginning of Cranberry Culture.

Farm and Vineyard reminds us that the beginnings of cranberry culture were made in 1857, by John Webb, of Forked River, Ocean Co., N. J., who discovered the possibilities of the wild cranberry.

Mr. Webb had only one leg, and for years he made a living by picking cranberries in the marshes in the fall, and doing odd jobs of farm work. While picking berries on a low piece of swamp land which he had in some way obtained possession of in 1857, he noticed that in places where sand had been washed by rains from the high ground on the edge of the swamp, and carried down upon the peat bottom of the marsh, the plants grew more luxuriantly and the berries were larger, of better flavor and more plentiful. He came to the conclusion that if a few isolated patches could be so vastly improved by the accidental mingling of two kinds of soil, an entire bog could be made highly productive by a systematic treatment of the same kind. Acting on his belief, the next season he made the first known cultivated cranberry bog. He pulled the stumps and other foreign substances out of his small swamp, made its peaty bottom smooth and level, and over it spread a covering of sand three inches deep. He cut his marsh up into a number of oblong beds by means of ditches at right angles with one another. Webb's neighbors watched him at work on his bog, and the universal verdict was that the man was crazy. He was working with no precedent to guide him, but he was an observing and persistent man, and the result of his work was that in three years he had a beautiful marsh of luxuriant and well-trained bushes, bearing such a burden of cranberries, not only in size but quantity, as had never been seen or heard of before. The result of one-legged John Webb's experiment in cultivating cranberries soon became known, and his fame spread from the remotest cranberry marsh on Cape Cod to the wild bogs of Wisconsin, and his name is now a household word wherever cranberries are grown. This pioneer cultivator of cranberries is to-day one of the richest men in southern Jersey, and all his wealth came to him through the discovery he made thirty years ago of the efficacy of sand in soil where the cranberry is indigenous.

There are between 5,000 and 6,000 acres of New Jersey marsh under cranberry cultivation to-day, which is about one-quarter of the cranberry-growing area of the United States, Massachusetts and Wisconsin being the other principal growers of the fruit. A cranberry marsh of the present day is as handsome a plot of green things growing as the eye could rest upon; but the rearing of the bushes on a new bog to the age of fruit-bearing is attended with no end of care and toil, to say nothing of the expense. Since the cultivation of cranberries assumed the proportions of a large and important agricultural pursuit in New Jersey, three enemies, not one of which assailed the bush in a wild state, have arisen up against it—a grass, a bullrush and an insect. After a grass, a bullrush or swamp has been cleared, ditched and sanded, it is planted by taking cuttings or slips from old bushes and inserting one end of them in the layer of sand, on the peat soil, which is pushed closely about the slips. Cranberry slips soon take root in the generous peat, and begin to grow almost immediately. They spread rapidly

over the marsh, but before they have reached out their branches many days the planter finds them surrounded and choked by the sharp-edged, stiff-leaved, three-pinnate grass, and its inevitable coadjutor, the hardy and persistent bullrush. The grass and the bullrush must be removed root and branch, for which purpose curious gouges, and peculiar hoes and other implements have been devised. These pestiferous weeds have to be constantly watched, and uprooted every week or so for two seasons, so thoroughly impregnated does the soil seem to be with their germs, and so rapidly do they develop. At the end of the second year the cranberry bushes have obtained such strength and headway that they cover the ground all over the bog like an immense velvety mat of emerald, and have choked the enterprising grass and rushes out of existence. It is estimated that to foster a cranberry bog to this stage of its existence costs the owner \$100 an acre. If a man should want to buy a two-year-old bog, thrifty and in good condition, he would be lucky if he could obtain it for less than \$600 an acre.

Cranberry vines blossom at the beginning of the third season, and from that time on the grower may expect a visit from the webworm, the most dreaded enemy of the bog. A singular characteristic of this insect is that it never gives warning of its coming on a marsh. The cranberry grower may go to bed at night without having been able to discover a sign of a webworm on his bushes, and get up next morning to see the marsh look as if it were covered with miniature banks of fog, and the tops of the bushes drawn so tightly together that a twine tied around them could hardly make them any closer. The light banks of fog are the webs of the worm which have been constructed during the night, and are what pull the tops of the vines together. In a day or so the vines turn yellow, the blossoms drop to the ground and the owner of that marsh does not make any very large calculations on profits that year. About the first of November they are submerged under water or six feet of water with which the bogs are artificially flooded. This water is drawn off about the middle of May, and the bushes come to view as fresh and green as a June clover field.

## Gathering and Preserving Nuts.

Nut gathering is yet in order. Butternuts, hickory nuts and pecans if wanted for use in winter are to be stored in a dry cool place. The husks of pecans do not usually peel off and leave a bright and clean surface as the common shellbark hickory, and to improve their appearance the nuts may be placed in a barrel, a little sand added and the barrel rolled about until the shells are finely polished. Barrels are sometimes arranged with a bearing fastened on each head and a crank attached to turn them by hand in polishing the nuts. An opening is made in the sides to receive the nuts and sand, this being closed with a hinged flap or sliding door. Very thick-shelled pecans or hickory nuts may be readily ground down with sand to almost any required thickness by this means, and quite rapidly.

The common American sweet chestnut is far more delicate as well as better flavored than any of the foreign varieties, but it is rarely preserved in a fresh condition for eating during the winter, probably because few persons know how. It is not at all difficult to preserve the nuts for months and as fresh a condition as when first gathered in the fall, and simply by packing them away in clean sand and storing in a cool place, such as the north side of a building or burying in a dry spot in one's garden.

When chestnuts are to be preserved either for use during the winter or for planting in the spring, they should be spread out on a tight floor in some shady cool place where they can be turned over daily for a week or two, and at the end of this time nearly all the grubs in the nuts will have crawled out and be found wriggling about on the floor underneath. By taking the nuts to one side the grubs may be readily swept up and killed. The nuts may now be assorted, all the damaged, weevil-infested and withered ones thrown out, and only the sound and pump ones saved. These should be mixed with an equal bulk of clean sharp sand and placed in well drained boxes of convenient size for handling. If the nuts are desired for eating during the winter, then small boxes, or what is better, flower pots large enough to hold two to four quarts of nuts are preferable to those of larger size, because a few days' supply of nuts can be taken out without disturbing the entire stock. The boxes and pots should be stored, as we have said, where the nuts will be kept cool, and if frozen it will do them no harm, but if wanted for use during the winter the storage pits should be so arranged and located that they can be opened without inconvenience during the coldest weather. An ordinary hotbed frame placed on the north side of a building or large evergreen tree will be found very convenient for this purpose. For many years we have kept chestnuts in this way, and often surprised our friends with a dish of fresh crisp-meat nuts in early spring as well as at various times during the winter.—*Orchard and Garden.*

## Raisins and Prunes.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives the following description of the different sorts of raisins and prunes:

Several varieties of grapes are used in making raisins, but the different names of the varieties of dried fruit are usually given from the locality whence they are imported. The common mode of drying is to spread the bunches on platforms or suspend them on lines in heated rooms, where they are allowed to shrivel slightly. They are then dipped in a lye of wood ashes and barilla, to each four gallons of which a pint of oil and a handful of salt is added. This causes the sugar to exude through the skin, and makes a slight varnish on the outside of the fruit. In this way the Valencia raisin, the favorite cooking raisin is prepared. It is shipped principally from Val-nola, Spain. Malaga also takes their name from the Spanish port, whence they are most largely sent. These are made from a richer grape than the Valencia, and are dried on the vine in the sun. The grapes do not fall off when ripe, so the stem is twisted and the grapes shrivel by the evaporation of their own water. In this way the fruit keeps more freshness and bloom than in any other, and there is very little exudation of sugar. These raisins are also called muscatelles,

and are the favorite table raisins. Spain is still the greatest producer of raisins, though large quantities are also raised in Turkey, and California is becoming an important locality for the production of this favorite fruit. The Sultan or seedless raisins are produced in Turkey. These are raised in the sun, a slight sprinkling of oil being employed, to prevent the too great evaporation of the moisture and also to assist in the preservation of the fruit when packed and shipped. The Elvira raisins are also produced in Turkey, and are used chiefly for export to distant colonies and for ships' stores. As their name implies, they are packed specially for ship use from the vines of the Carabouna and Voula districts in Asia Minor. The greater proportion of the raisins from Smyrna are known as "Chemes," the name of an island near the mainland. These are the Turkey grapes, pure and simple, without selection, picking of stalks, or any manipulation whatever. They find a ready market in eastern countries, but are the special feature of fruit trading between Turkey and German ports. There are vast districts in Persia where raisins are cultivated, but the difficulty of getting them to market is so great that it does not pay to export, consequently they are used for distilling and local purposes. At the Cape of Good Hope raisins are produced which find a market chiefly in Australia. Distillation of raisins into wine is becoming quite an important business, the flavor of the dried fruit giving a very pleasant taste to the beverage. The raisins used for export are the small black Smyrna raisins. The dried fruit known to commerce as the Zante currant is a variety of raisins. It is not made from a current but from a very small grape, dried in the sun. These small raisins were at first called Corinth, because they were first imported from the port of Corinth. Their similarity to currants caused the name to be corrupted later, as many supposed them to be a kind of dried currant.

Prunes are dried plums. Several kinds of plums are raised expressly for drying, in France and Germany, and the wild plum of the Balkan states is also largely used for this purpose. The latter makes an inferior grade of prune, known as the Turkish prune. The fruit is dried in ovens, and for the finer grades much care is taken to preserve the full flavor of the plums, by drying them gradually. The plums are picked by hand, after the heat of the sun has dried the dew from them. They are spread in shallow wicker sieves, and kept in a cool and dry place. When the plums are quite soft the sieves are shut tightly in a slightly heated oven, and left there for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time they are taken out and replaced again after the oven has been slightly reheated, and are again left a full day. This is repeated for five successive days, and each time the heat in the oven is somewhat increased. The third day the plums are turned carefully. At the end of the fifth day they are allowed to get quite cold, and are then carefully packed in boxes or jars. The prunes of Turkey are dried with less care, and are usually packed in barrels for transportation.

## Horticultural Notes.

Florida's orange crop last year amounted to 1,500,000 boxes. This year's crop will be smaller.

An Ohio man who has fruited the Triumph gooseberry regards it as hardy, healthy in fruit and foliage, and larger than the Downing. He has fruited it for two years.

GREAT BRITAIN CONSUMES at least \$50,000,000 worth of fruit per annum, \$15,000,000 worth of which is imported. About 185,000 acres in England and Scotland are occupied by fruit plantations.

The Niagara grape seems to have established itself as a favorite along the grape-growing regions of Eastern and Southeastern New York. It has proved itself to be a meritorious market variety.

A MISSOURI farmer claims his orchard gives him the best returns for any crop on his farm. His 15 acres of apple trees yielded him \$600, or \$40 per acre. In addition he took off a crop of hay from the land.

ONE of the results of mulchings is that berries do not ripen as early as unmulched plantations. But the mulch keeps the berries clean and protects the vines through the winter, which are compensating advantages.

A NEW BRUNSWICK canning firm put up eight carloads of blueberries, valued at \$12,800. The berries cost \$2,000, and the boxes, labels, cans, etc., about \$6,500. Other firms at the same point, Pokemouche, have added enough to make the shipments 14 carloads.

THE French governmental commission has reported against the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, especially barnyard manures, in vineyards. Their use is said to be more hurtful than useful. Potash should enter into the composition of every manure for grape vines.

GOON apples are always in demand, and bring good prices when scrubby ones are unsalable at any price. Therefore set good varieties and give the orchard good culture; the returns from a small orchard, well cared for, will swell the sum total of farm products with a tidy sum.

THE Orange County *Farmer* puts in an emphatic protest against the use of sulphur in the preparation of evaporated fruit. Thousands of people buy the evaporated apples because they look so nice, but never want any more of them because of the peculiar flavor which the sulphur used in bleaching gives them.

THE verdict of the American Pomological Society seems to be in favor of the Woodruff, the new grape originated at Ann Arbor. It is pronounced better than the average; vine perfectly hardy, foliage healthy. Productive of large clusters and berries. Flavor seems to suit almost everybody. Gives general satisfaction.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any one of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. D., 161 Pearl St., New York

## Apianian.

## Annual Meeting of the Southeastern Michigan Association.

The Southeastern Michigan Bee-Keepers' Association will hold its annual meeting in the supervisors' room of the Court House, at Adrian, Mich., December 15th, 1887.

Forenoon and afternoon session, also an evening session, if those in attendance desire it.

A large and interesting meeting is expected, as there has been no meeting of the Association the two winters past, and several prominent apiarists are expected to be present.

A programme is being prepared, including several interesting papers on important subjects.

The question box will be a prominent feature; those prepared to ask and answer questions.

Election of officers will take place at the afternoon session.

Plenty of room for exhibiting; bring along anything you wish to exhibit, or that will be of interest to bee-keepers.

Parties not acquainted with the Court House and its location, will find it on the corner (southwest) of North Main and Railroad Sts., and should enter by the east front, ascend the right hand stairway, then turn to the left.

The Lenawee County Horticultural Society holds a meeting in Adrian, December 14th, 1887. You may find it profitable to attend the meetings of both societies.

All are cordially invited to attend. Come and bring a friend with you.

Bee-keepers turn out and make this a roasting good meeting.

C. J. F. HOWES, Pres.  
A. M. GANDER, Sec'y. Adrian.

Manufacture of Comb Foundation.  
C. P. DADANT, of Hamilton, Ill., furnished a paper on this subject at the late Bee-keepers' convention in Chicago, in which he said:

"The first requisite for a good article of comb foundation, is to get a pure article of beeswax. The making of foundation of wax mixed with paraffine, or with ceresine, has been tried several times, and has resulted in a loss to the manufacturer, as the bees detect the impurities more readily than men can. Besides, these artificial compounds melt at a lower degree than pure beeswax, and endanger the safety of the colony, when put in use. In this country, where the extremes of heat and cold are so marked, even pure beeswax, in naturally built combs, sometimes gives way under the heat and weight combined. It is by their lighter specific gravity that paraffine and ceresine are most readily detected. Happily, however, these adulterations are very scarce. The most frequent adulteration of beeswax, that with tallow, is easily noticed by the dull and greasy appearance of the cakes. This wax should be carefully rejected.

"After selecting the beeswax, we melt it in a large boiler and keep it liquid for 24 hours or more, to give all the impurities time to settle to the bottom. These are afterwards melted over, to separate what may remain in them.

"The wax is then dipped into sheets, by the use of thin pine boards, which have been kept dampened in water, to prevent sticking. We formerly used glass, and finally rejected it as too expensive. The sheets are made thick enough to stretch in the rolls when moulded. In this way all the inequalities of their surface are laminated out, and the foundation turned out of the rolls is dry, or nearly so, all the moisture is forced out with the pressure. It is in this particular that resides one of the many advantages of the roller mill over the press. In the press, the lubricating material, whatever it is, is left on the sheets, and is very objectionable to the bees."

MR. THOS. W. COWAN, the editor of the *British Bee Journal*, who has recently made a trip through this country especially to learn the American methods in apiculture, reports to his fellow apiarists in England that our appliances are very much the same as those in use in that country, and that he was able to bring back but few new ideas. He thinks English bee-keepers keep up with their transatlantic cousins in all matters pertaining to hives and appliances. He was most struck by our abundance of bee pasturage, which is not utilized as it might be.

THE Canadian *Bee Journal* is certain that not one-tenth of the honey that might be consumed in America is really used. Much more would be used if more effort was made to put it upon the tables of the consumers.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Feeding in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme case with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequalled good name it has made at home, which is a tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the most popular and successful medicine before the public today for purifying the blood, giving strength, creating an appetite, "I suffered from weakness and low spirits, and also had eczema on the back of my head and neck, which was very annoying. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received so much benefit that I am very grateful, and I am always glad to speak a good word for this medicine." Mrs. J. S. Strydom, Tottenville, Penn.

## Purifies the Blood

Henry Riggs, Campbell Street, Kansas City, had scrofulous sores all over his body for fifteen years. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him.

Walton Beck, of North Bloomfield, N. Y., suffered eleven years with a terrible varicose ulcer on his leg, so bad that he had to give up business. He was cured of the ulcer, and also of eczema, by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold at all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by J. C. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Wells, Richardson &amp; Co's

## IMPROVED Butter Color.

EXCELS IN STRENGTH PURITY BRIGHTNESS NEVER TURNS RANCID.

Always gives a bright natural color, and will not color the Buttermilk. Used by thousands of the best Creameries and Dairies. Do not allow your dealer to convince you that some other kind is just as good. Tell him the BEST is what you want, and you must have Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. For sale everywhere.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. BURLINGTON, VT.

## RAILROAD PAIN CURE

A New Remedy with Wonderful Healing Powers. For both internal and external use. POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. Also Colic, Cramp, Headache, Lame Back, Wounds, and all distressing ailments of the human body.

RAILROAD PAIN CURE is the Best Remedy for Rheumatism, Colic, Cramp, Headache, Lame Back, Wounds, and all distressing ailments of the human body. These Medicines are Guaranteed by your Druggist.

Price 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. For \$1 you will send largest size of either Cure, prepaid. Address: Railroad Remedy Co., Box 372, Lincoln, Neb. Trade supplied by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit.

## Tutt's Pills

To cure constiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and Speedily Restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

## WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND ODA is a powerful Remedy for Consumption, in every stage of the disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and every form of General Debility. It is an unequalled Specific Remedy. \$2.00 per bottle, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, corner No. 103 William St., New York.

Our New Store, which we now occupy, has about 20 acres of Floor Space. The BUYER'S GUIDE is issued every 2nd and 4th March, and contains 3,500 Illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery.

direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. A copy sent FREE upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 111-114 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS has a pad different from all others, with self-adjusting ball in center, adjustable by means of a screw, and a rubber band which holds the ball in position, and presses back the organs.

It is easy, durable and clean. Send for circular free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Chicago, Ill.

## AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH

Burlington Route C.B. & Q.R.R. PEORIA OR ST. LOUIS.

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## Poetry.

## THE MAN IN THE CASE.

Since a woman was created there has been a  
 awful stir  
 About the part she plays on earth—all blame is  
 laid on her.  
 Let any wickedness be done, at any time or  
 place,  
 And saints and sinners do declare, "A woman  
 in the case!"

Some folk to suicide inclined blame on his little  
 brain,  
 "Now, mark my words—a woman!" every proph-  
 et will exclaim.  
 Or if some fool another fool dispatches from  
 this life,  
 It's significantly mentioned, "He has a pretty  
 wife."

A man, a thief by nature, steals his employer's  
 goods,  
 And goes alone to Canada, the girl was "left  
 behind."  
 Or if he's seen talking with a woman on the  
 way,  
 "A woman in the case goes, too," the daily  
 papers say.

No r thing makes us women all too miser-  
 ably free,  
 But our dire existence, men would never  
 kill or steal;  
 The fact, I live to Adam the Lord had never given  
 This earth had so continued a suburban sort of  
 heaven.

It occurs to me, however, from another point of  
 view,  
 Had we never been given Adam, we could have  
 a heaven, too.  
 If the world were only women, we could keep it  
 free from crime,  
 For doesn't the "old Adam" work the mischief  
 every time?

It was Eve who gave the apple that has brought  
 us all our woe;  
 But with no one there to take it, she could never  
 have done so.  
 Though men will kill and steal for us, because  
 we are so dear,  
 You should mind they fix our value by their  
 own existence here.

When you come to think it over, one conclu-  
 sion's very sure,  
 Had they never been created we would never  
 have sought to lure  
 Their poor souls from paths of virtue; they  
 from blame are not exempt—  
 If we lead them to temptation; they have tempt-  
 ed us to tempt.

With this new light on the subject, rather singu-  
 lar it seems;  
 But instead it's plainly plain, in reality it  
 means,  
 "When the blame for any action to its fountain  
 head you trace,  
 You will ever find a woman, and a man are in  
 the case."  
 —Flora McDonald.

THE BOY IN BLUE AND THE BOY  
IN GRAY.

In the twilight soft of one sad day  
 A soldier of the gallant gray  
 Was kneeling on a mound of dew  
 Where sleeps a boy whose blue  
 From his sweet eyes love's dimpled tears  
 Were falling o'er those bloody years  
 When face to face each dauntless stood  
 Contending for the masterhood.

"I was a rebel in the fight,  
 Because I thought it just and right;  
 The South I loved, her flag was mine;  
 Her roots and rills and homes divine—  
 I loved her as no other could.  
 Was not her cause born in my blood?  
 What cared I for cannon ball,  
 Could I a villainous traitor fall?"

"But he who in the blue was killed  
 Was braver far and greater still;  
 He sealed forever freedom's name  
 And broke the curse of slavery's chain;  
 Now o'er his mound love flowers strewn  
 And ask forgiveness of the blue:  
 I love the flag, I clasp the hand,  
 Of a liberty-loving land."

From manions in the far above  
 Came a voice in tenderest love  
 A voice which sweetly seemed to say:  
 "God bless the boy who wore the gray."  
 As answer to the angel voice  
 As if to make the world rejoice,  
 Up through the heavens these words flew:  
 "God bless the boy who wore the blue."

## Miscellaneous.

## A MONTH OF PROBATION.

"No, my lad. Old heads are wiser than  
 young ones. You mustn't have your way  
 all at once, though it's a way I confess I  
 like well enough myself. It would look as  
 though we took advantage of your good  
 luck and 'nailed' you before you knew  
 your own mind. So do as I say. Pack up  
 and be off to Southwick. See if you prefer  
 a city practice to a village one, and a city  
 love, ah, well, well! I won't say anything  
 of that, but keep away long enough to make  
 sure of what you really wish, and then if  
 you come back, why, I'll bid you welcome,  
 and—h—some one else perhaps won't be  
 sorry."

Thus bluntly spoke Dr. Moore to his assist-  
 ant of three years, and though his ultima-  
 tum was not altogether agreeable, it had to  
 be accepted. Common sense, of which the  
 young man had his share, bade Mr. Gerald  
 Dalby yield, though he chafed at this first  
 check to his fond hope of bursting suddenly  
 from chrysalis to butterfly existence, and  
 resented the implied doubt cast on the fixity  
 of his intentions.

"I'll take a month, then, if you insist,"  
 he said, rather ruefully.

"Three would be better," quoth the doc-  
 tor, brutally judicious.

"One will be as long as three to me, sir,"  
 was the reproachfully pathetic reply, "so I  
 will answer the same purpose." The doc-  
 tor coughed dubiously. "Then I may  
 speak to Miss Hester as soon as I return?"

"If you're still of the same way of think-  
 ing," answered Dr. Moore, sitting down to  
 his writing table, and Mr. Dalby quitted the  
 surgery, bestowing a glance of injured dig-  
 nity at his own reflection in the little mirror  
 he kept hung up over the medicine bottles.

He felt it hard, this young man just come  
 into a large slice of property, not to be al-  
 lowed a whole cake at a time. A week ago,  
 if told that he would by now possess a snug  
 two hundred and fifty a year, the legacy of  
 a distant relative, he would have declared  
 himself content for long to come. Now  
 here he was, quite used to feeling himself  
 a man of means, and ready to grumble be-  
 cause sensible Dr. Moore would not take  
 him for a partner, and give him his pretty  
 niece, Hester, for a wife, at four-and-twenty  
 by hours' notice! The callous selfishness  
 the stony-hearted worldly wisdom of older  
 people were incredible! Mr. Gerald

Dalby pitied himself as he packed his port-  
 manteau, and prepared to journey from  
 this Lincolnshire village towards the Mid-  
 land city where, under the auspices of Dr.  
 Moore's friend, Mr. Earnshaw, he was to  
 see something of town practice before  
 finding himself to the country. This move  
 was superfluously prudent. It would puzzle  
 Hester, pretty, brown-eyed Hester, who had  
 been first so openly, then a trifle timidly de-  
 lighted at his new prosperity, his Hester, as  
 during the last few days he had all but  
 called her, who such a little while before  
 had seemed out of his reach. In the first  
 flush of independence he had felt himself  
 rather a fine fellow to lay his newly acquired  
 thousands at dear little Hester's disposal so  
 promptly, and now to have the doctor co-  
 shoudering him down to probation in this  
 excessively cautious way! "Oh, hang it!"  
 thought Mr. Dalby, crumpling his clothes  
 together in reckless confusion, "it would  
 serve him right if I never came back from  
 Southwick at all!"

This being his frame of mind, our gentle-  
 man was ill at ease through his last evening  
 at Crouleby. Mrs. Moore, good soul, could  
 never keep a secret in her life, and so had  
 not been trusted with this one concerning  
 the young people. For three years she had  
 been on the alert to repress the impetuous  
 assistant's evident admiration of Hester.  
 Now she felt aggrieved that, if it died at  
 of property removed, he should make no  
 further advances. Hester was wilful, pale  
 shy, avoiding direct glance at Mr. Gerald.  
 But when for good-night and good-bye her  
 little, soft, clever hand lay trembling in his  
 longer than it had any need to, the young  
 fellow could have gnashed his teeth  
 over his promise to her uncle, and was fain  
 to whisper: "I shall be writing to you soon,  
 Miss Hester," as he relinquished the small  
 nervous fingers. So the brown eyes shot up  
 one trusting beam, and the maiden, in-  
 cent-hearted and unsuspecting maiden that  
 she was, comforted herself with that fare-  
 well and lived hopefully through dreary  
 weeks in expectation of that promised letter.

But she waited in vain. Day after day  
 went by, no letter came. Three weeks,  
 then arrived a brief missive for Dr. Moore.  
 He read it with a curt "Dalby's all right,"  
 and though Hester was almost crying with  
 hunger for more news, she dared ask no  
 questions. Her uncle was kindness itself  
 to her, but he was frowning over something  
 else.

"Ah, Mr. Dalby has got quite above us  
 humdrum folks, I expect," complained Mrs.  
 Moore when another fortnight went by with-  
 out bringing fuller tidings of their late as-  
 sistant. "I really had a better opinion of  
 him. I never thought he would forget old  
 friends like this!"

Some one else had thought he never would,  
 some one who could have waited patiently,  
 bravely, for years, once sure of his love, but  
 who paled sadly under this most strange  
 neglect.

"Is Aunt Pheasant right? Oh, has she  
 forgotten me?" thought poor little heart-sore  
 Hester, and to answer this we must do what  
 our disconsolate lassie could not, follow our  
 hero.

It was late afternoon when he reached  
 Southwick, he lost his luggage at one jun-  
 ction, his train at another, his attention be-  
 ing less given to his journey than to a six-  
 and-a-quarter kid glove that he carried  
 about in his breast coat pocket.

"My round is over to-day," said Mr.  
 Earnshaw at the dinner-table, "but if you're  
 not tired I'll take you to London Oaks this  
 evening. The Chevrons' place, you know,  
 Sir Marmaduke Chevron's. Family been there  
 for Tudor times. Not very wealthy, but  
 real old stock. My lady has weak nerves.  
 I take her a tonic and all the news I can  
 collect about three times a week. 'Calling  
 on her is my prerogative. You won't step  
 into that, young gentleman, even if we do  
 strike up a partnership. Still, I'm above  
 jealousy! I told Moore that whoever he  
 recommended to me should see the whole  
 of my circle, so you may come to London  
 and welcome."

Acquiescing in which, not without a covert  
 smile at what his host evidently considered  
 a magnanimous offer, and an inclination to  
 announce that even immediate attendance  
 on Sir Marmaduke's family would not bribe  
 him to stop at Southwick, Mr. Gerald put  
 on a brand-new coat and tall professional  
 hat, and was soon spinning along the high  
 road toward the dwelling of this aristocratic  
 patient. (Oh, that he had been sitting  
 down to tea, with Hester opposite, instead!)  
 Up a splendid avenue, down a broad drive,  
 through massive gates on a wide gravelled  
 space, by a stately brick mansion they  
 pulled up. A hearty voice from a de-pu-  
 moulioned casement greeted them. A fine  
 elderly figure came forth on to the lawn.

"Here at last, Earnshaw! My lady's  
 ready for a gossip. Let's hear what you  
 have to say, then I have to take my little  
 girl to a party at the Linnoxes." She  
 doesn't want to go, but we won't let her  
 mope—not stop with her mother too much,  
 eh? Who's this?" with a nod at our young  
 doctor, got a new gown.

"Mr. Gerald Dalby, Sir Marmaduke,"  
 interposed Mr. Earnshaw. "A gentleman  
 who may possibly take part of my practice."  
 "Oh, I beg his pardon," said Sir Marmaduke,  
 courteously (Gerald didn't exactly see  
 what for). "Come in, sir, while Earnshaw  
 and I go up to my lady," and as the two  
 elder gentlemen stepped up the flight of  
 dark oak stairs, the junior Medicus was  
 ushered into a drawing-room unique in his  
 modest experience. It was a room costly  
 yet sober in adornment; big enough to hold  
 half Dr. Moore's whole house; wealth in  
 every detail compared to what he was used  
 to; a scent floating throughout, sweet,  
 refined, delicious. Mr. Gerald drew a deep  
 breath and fell under this new charm. With  
 a shudder he recalled the powerful aroma of  
 furniture paste pervading the Moores' home,  
 where spring cleaning was just over.

Towards the satin-draped windows he  
 moved admiringly and saw—something that  
 cast over his foolish brain yet another spell.  
 Just outside, on a broad balcony, a beau-  
 tiful untidy rose climbed up a lattice. Over  
 its branches, clad in view, stood a lace-  
 dard figure, full in pale-tinted silk and slen-  
 der. An exquisite outstretched arm, a most  
 shapely hand, hovered over a blossom,  
 plucked it, lifted it a moment to the lips of  
 a lovely girlish face, then fastened it to  
 the music of a faint sigh, in the front  
 of her dress. Mute, entranced, stood our  
 young doctor, having but one thought. Oh!

to exchange but one word with that vision!  
 The aspiration evoked a gasp. The en-  
 chantment without heard it, looked up, and  
 instantly, veiled with a certain gracious  
 dignity, the like of which Mr. Dalby had  
 never seen before, advanced composedly.

"Excuse me, I did not hear you an-  
 nounced. You are wishing to see Sir Mar-  
 maduke?"

Never since his first hobbledehour hour at  
 the hospitals had our hero felt so utterly  
 gauche as now. He had an agreeable idea  
 that his general deportment was excellent.  
 Now he felt as clumsy as a fortnight-old  
 puppy; nearly broke a window with his el-  
 bow, and all but tripped over a stool, as he  
 stood back to let this peerless creature pass  
 in. With the sharp self-reminder (very  
 rarely quired by Mr. Gerald) that he must  
 collect his wits and put his best foot for-  
 ward if he would not seem quite a fool, he  
 stammered out:

"Oh, thank you, I am merely waiting for  
 Mr. Earnshaw. I'm—er—looking round  
 with him. Perhaps—er—I may become his  
 partner." But this position, which would  
 have sounded rather superb to—well, Lin-  
 colnshire friends, for instance—seemed to  
 shrivel into insignificance at London Oaks.  
 Mr. Dalby's voice sounded apologetic as he  
 explained it, and he grew deferentially, un-  
 becomingly red.

Patricia Chevron's instincts were all kind.  
 The stranger was an intruder on minutes  
 that she would rather have spent alone, but  
 she must not be permitted to feel herself so.  
 "Mr. Earnshaw's profession is yours  
 then," she said. "It is a noble one (Mr.  
 Gerald glowed with returning courage), we  
 are dependent on it everywhere." How  
 thankful he felt he was a doctor. He  
 would make the most of that compliment.

"Yes, indeed," he said, complacently.  
 "I suppose all people are. And it's a pro-  
 fession that's not exactly easy—er—and—  
 sometimes it's dangerous!"

"Ah, yes, even at home it must be that,"  
 agreed Miss Chevron, "while abroad—oh,  
 there it must be ten times worse."

Her voice betokened sympathy with ex-  
 patriated practitioners. He wished he had  
 been one, only then he could not have been  
 here. Woman all liked courage. He would  
 lay claim to it himself, the more boldly the  
 better.

"Yes, there's dangerous work abroad,"  
 said he, "but I should like to be there for  
 that very reason." She looked at him kindly.  
 "With our army for instance." (Oh,  
 Mr. Gerald! and good natured as all the old  
 people of Crouleby confess you over com-  
 mon physics, you know you never yet dressed  
 a cut without feeling sick!) "I've a school-  
 fellow who's gone in for that sort of thing,  
 and I could always wish—at least I wish  
 now—I could step into his shoes. He's in  
 the thick of the fighting in Egypt."

This rush of bloodthirstiness had its re-  
 ward. Miss Chevron kindled at the spirited  
 words. Her eyes darkened and glowed.  
 "You wish you were in those terrible  
 scenes. Oh, that is very good of you! Your  
 friend is safe, unharmed, I hope?"

"Right as a trivet," responded Mr.  
 Dalby, charmed at her interest: "he had a  
 run for it lately, though. An English officer  
 was within an ace of being stabbed by a  
 beast of an Arab, when Bretonet made a  
 dash forward from his ambulance, broke  
 the fellow's arm to splinters and saved  
 Major St. James in the very nick of time.  
 But I beg your pardon"—Miss Chevron had  
 grown suddenly pale—"I ought not to tell  
 such tales to a lady; they're only fit for  
 men; only"—seeing her eyes begin to sparkle  
 again—"what I should like if I had the  
 chance"—and finding this topic seemed to  
 hold her interest, Mr. Dalby launched into  
 fluent talk of the then current campaign,  
 praised the courage of his friend, the splen-  
 did deeds of the rescued officer, and keep-  
 ing himself and his burning desire to share  
 these dangers well to the fore, made such  
 good use of fifteen minutes that beautiful  
 Patricia Chevron actually looked sorry when  
 a servant, entering with carriage wraps,  
 announced that Sir Marmaduke was wait-  
 ing without.

Sorry, was she? Sorry at the interrup-  
 tion? Mr. Gerald's heart gave a great  
 thump at the flattering suspicion, and he  
 flung as much suppressed feeling as he  
 dared into his formal farewell when she left  
 him—reluctantly, he could have sworn!

effect, the letter which Dr. Moore looked  
 black over. As to a letter to Hester! well,  
 he'd not exactly promised it. Perhaps she  
 had forgotten what he said (he knew she  
 had not). He would write her a friendly  
 note of a note by and by; when Sir Mar-  
 maduke—if Miss Chevron—oh, when he was  
 certain of anything! So presently he got  
 his experimental visit to Southwick pro-  
 longed; Dr. Moore renewed up his face over  
 the letter which bore the information, Hester  
 vanished to her room to cry over it; and  
 then came an evening when Mr. Dalby,  
 walking in the London gardens beside Miss  
 Chevron, daringly begged a flower from  
 that trellis by which he had first seen her.  
 And this beautiful princess, this queen of  
 roses, bestowed a bud upon him with a  
 sweet, half-reluctant shyness that sent him  
 away in a species of delirium!

Next day he wrote to Crouleby, saying he  
 had almost determined to remain at South-  
 wick, and this done, an officious sense of  
 honor that bade him be off with the old love  
 before he was on with the new, impelled  
 him to write to Hester. So, spoiling six  
 sheets of paper and six pens over it, he  
 compiled a cold, studiously friendly note  
 to her; thanked her for her sisterly care for  
 his comfort while he had been at her uncle's,  
 and hoped they might possibly meet at some  
 future time. He did not at all enjoy writ-  
 ing that epistle, but he had done his duty  
 as a gentleman when it was completed; and  
 he thrust it in his pocket when he had to  
 start for London Oaks, resolving to post it  
 on his return.

As usual now, he waited for Mr. Earn-  
 shaw in the house, but in a different room,  
 next the small drawing-room. Its open  
 window overlooked the balcony and the  
 clustering rose, and—gracious powers!—  
 what did it overlook as well!

Two individuals: one, Patricia Chevron,  
 radiantly lovely; one, a handsome, soli-  
 dly man, who bent toward her with de-  
 votion unmistakable. She spoke—our luck-  
 less friend, mute as a mouse and rigid as a  
 stone, heard every syllable.

"They even kept the papers from me,  
 Graham. I had only stray tidings of you  
 to live off. I used to watch these roses  
 were so fond of, till my heart ached with  
 wondering if you would ever come to them  
 and me again. I called them yours always,  
 the dear things. But once I gave one  
 away. Our doctor brought an assistant or  
 something of that kind here, and strange  
 to say, he knew that brave fellow who  
 saved your life. He told me so much about  
 you, dearest, I even let him have a flower  
 to pay him. He was a harmless, respectable  
 sort of young man, and—"

The harmless, respectable sort of young  
 man nearly choked with a stifled groan,  
 then turned and fled.

Out of the house and half-way home he'd  
 got before Mr. Earnshaw picked him up  
 with, "Air of the room disagreed with you?  
 Ah, it's sultry to-night. And they kept me  
 a long while, too. Deal to talk about,  
 Col. St. James just back from the Sudan,  
 the man they tried to stop their daughter  
 being engaged to before he went. She  
 might have been a countess, but the coronet  
 kicked the beam when weighed against her  
 colony, so now he's covered himself with  
 glory they're to be allowed to marry in Aug-  
 ust. You'll see something of the wedding  
 if you stop with me."

But Mr. Dalby did not stop with Mr.  
 Earnshaw. He had a gruesome attack of  
 indigestion, found out Southwick dis-  
 agreed with him, took himself to the coast  
 for a week, and by the sad sea waves med-  
 itated on what an ass he had been. Then  
 he got himself back to Crouleby, and with  
 a humility that has much improved him,  
 courted the healing of his wounds by brown-  
 eyed Hester.

They, too, were on their September wed-  
 ding tour when the bride, forgoing for a  
 fuse-case in an overcoat her husband said  
 he had not worn for months, brought out a  
 letter addressed to her own maiden name.

"Why, what is this, Gerald?" questioned  
 she: "did you write me after all from  
 Southwick, and forget to post the letter?  
 And may I have it now?"

To which he made answer: "Way, yes, I  
 wrote, but now you've got me, pet, you  
 want nothing else, do you? There!" tear-  
 ing the paper into shreds and casting them  
 into Windermere's waters; "we won't talk  
 him—reluctantly, he could have sworn!

"Good-night," she said, softly, with a  
 most serene smile, "and," she added, with  
 what his excited fancy seemed to feel  
 confusion, "you will be coming again,  
 I hope. I like to hear you talk—of Egypt."

How those words floated about him! and  
 how the whole foreground of that night's  
 restless slumbers was filled, not by the  
 pretty form of absent Hester, but by the fair  
 and fascinating gentleman who had that  
 day crossed his path! "She liked to hear  
 him talk!" He'd awaited an idea he talked  
 well. Now he exulted in his power. At her  
 bidding he could talk forever. And she  
 would requite him—well, our young gentle-  
 man went fairly off his head and indulged  
 in calculations which, published in South-  
 wick, would have gained him the general  
 verdict of hopeless insanity.

In the glamor of his hot, but well con-  
 cealed adoration, Mr. Dalby worked for  
 three weeks with Mr. Earnshaw, showing  
 skill enough professionally to make him an  
 acceptable partner, if he would have it so.  
 Mr. Earnshaw said as much one day.

"Decision does not rest with myself en-  
 tirely," returned Mr. Gerald, rather loftily,  
 and he left his slightly amused senior to go  
 and speculate in seclusion on whether  
 £250 a year, part of an old established prac-  
 tice and a handsome person—"he knew  
 he'd had it!" whether these and a most pur-  
 gently passionate affection would induce  
 the baronet to give him his daughter—would  
 induce the charming girl to take him. And  
 vanity whispered "yes" to the whole  
 scheme!

So for three weeks the young doctor  
 missed no chance of visiting London Oaks,  
 gathered up every scrap of converse on that  
 topic which she had as good as told him he  
 handled so well, and, intoxicated by every  
 fresh minute of Patricia Chevron's presence,  
 strayed daily farther into a fool's paradise.

And meanwhile what of his three years?  
 Why, the thought of her made him un-  
 comfortable, so, lightly he it written, he  
 thought of her as rarely as he could. How  
 wise Dr. Moore had been, though, to refuse  
 to close with those precipitate proposals  
 made in the first flush of fortune's arrival!  
 How very wise! He could never be grate-  
 ful enough. He wrote, with a hint to that

effect, the letter which Dr. Moore looked  
 black over. As to a letter to Hester! well,  
 he'd not exactly promised it. Perhaps she  
 had forgotten what he said (he knew she  
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 Graham. I had only stray tidings of you  
 to live off. I used to watch these roses  
 were so fond of, till my heart ached with  
 wondering if you would ever come to them  
 and me again. I called them yours always,  
 the dear things. But once I gave one  
 away. Our doctor brought an assistant or  
 something of that kind here, and strange  
 to say, he knew that brave fellow who  
 saved your life. He told me so much about  
 you, dearest, I even let him have a flower  
 to pay him. He was a harmless, respectable  
 sort of young man, and—"

## ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Prout's is an old-fashioned farm house  
 which stands with its orchards and field be-  
 tween a wide tidal river and the sea. Sum-  
 mer boarders have brought the usual changes  
 to it—tennis courts, colored waiters, and an  
 annex of a row of new chambers filled with  
 the inevitable ash furniture from Grand  
 Rapids.

Old Israel Prout is not quite awake to the  
 change yet, nor satisfied to reap a larger  
 harvest from these frivolous college boys  
 and pretty girls than he ever did from his  
 meadows of salt hay. He sits about un-  
 comfortably, and talks to the older men  
 among the boarders. He especially affected  
 the company, last summer, of an old, shab-  
 by fellow named McCann, who had, as he  
 told Israel, but two weeks' holiday in his  
 yearly grind, and had come to spend it in  
 deep sea fishing.

One day twinges of rheumatism kept him  
 from going out to the Banks, and he sat  
 with Israel, smoking, on the shore of the  
 inlet, watching the young men racing in  
 their sail boats.

"Who is that?" he asked, nodding  
 towards a young fellow who sat apart on the  
 bank. "I have not seen him before."  
 "No. He's a neighbor's son. Widow  
 Riddell. She's had hard luck. Only had  
 this boy, John, and he took to books from a  
 baby. Could do nothing at farm! Shrewd,  
 sensible boy, too. Worked his  
 way through college, and went abroad for  
 two years as tutor for some rich man's sons.  
 Got a place after that in a big insurance  
 house in Philadelphia, and then took typhoid,  
 and lost it. He's been laid on the shelf for  
 nigh a year. You see he looks poorly yet.  
 But he's ready for work, if he could get it.  
 It isn't easy to get. He's been tryin' right  
 on 'left. Got no influence. When you  
 get out of the procession, I s'pose 'tain't easy  
 to catch step again."

"No, I suppose not," said McCann.  
 "What did he do in that house?"  
 "Talked to the farmers that had busi-  
 ness. Them queer lincies come material to  
 John. If he'd taken as much interest in  
 farm as in French, it'd 'ud 've served his  
 turn better."

A year ago John would have been in one  
 of the boats, shouting, laughing, cheering.  
 Now he thought, how any grown man  
 care for such folly? Life was such a breath-  
 less tragedy! Why, look at him, shelled  
 at twenty-three! For six months he had  
 been scheming, struggling, begging for  
 work—not charity, but work! An able-  
 bodied man, no fool, educated, on fire with  
 eagerness to use his knowledge and help  
 the world—yet not even allowed to earn his liv-  
 ing! There was no chance in this country  
 for a young man without capital or influence  
 —none! Men who owed him kindness had  
 turned a cold shoulder on him when he asked  
 for work. It was a cold, selfish world,  
 and the true secret was to care only for  
 yourself in it!

The fact was that the lad had made his  
 first plunge into disappointment so common  
 in life, and the chill of it struck to his heart.  
 He had received a lot of letters that morn-  
 ing, all refusals. His mother had coaxed  
 him to go over to Prout's and see the race,  
 hoping to cheer him up.

"You must see something of folk, John.  
 Bessie may be there by this time."  
 "What was the little artist to him? What  
 home had he to offer her? Two years ago  
 he had planned—"

But he had come to please his mother.  
 How dull the sky was! The marshes were  
 flat and hideous in the leaden light, the  
 creeks were black and sluggish. The very  
 tiger-lilies and marsh-mallows by the path  
 worried his eye.

As he sat on the bank, groups of girls in  
 their airy gowns fluttered through the trees;  
 on the pier were two or three portly old  
 gentlemen, judges, bank presidents, million-  
 aires, no doubt purse-proud and miserly.  
 He hated them all. "Every man for him-  
 self!" he muttered, stretching out his legs,  
 as an Italian organ-grinder tried to pass  
 him. John would not budge.

The man was ridiculous enough. On his  
 heels were steel spurs, with which, when he  
 ground the organ, he struck a brass kettle,  
 and on his head a high triangular cap edged  
 with bells. He set down the organ and be-  
 gan to turn it, executing a sort of frenzied  
 dance, kicking the kettle and wagging his  
 head. A little girl stood motionless beside  
 him. John burst into a laugh. It was but  
 a boy after all in the depths of his despair.

Even an organ-grinder was an event at  
 Prout's. The girls came chattering up  
 from the woods, the portly old gentlemen  
 sauntered across the beach. Mr. McCann  
 and Israel lounged down the bank towards  
 him.

"Hyar, you tramp, be off!" said Prout.  
 John jumped up.  
 "Let the man alone, Uncle Israel. It's  
 a hard way to earn a living, heaven knows.  
 Give him a chance."

Israel nodded. The Italian nodded to  
 John, and fell to work with frantic energy.  
 The organ shrieked, the kettle rang, the  
 bells jangled. He stopped breathless, and  
 nodded again to Riddell.

"You are from Piedmont?" said John.  
 "The man's yellow, dirty face glowed at  
 the sound of his own patois.  
 "Si, signor. Carema, Si, si!"  
 "What does he say?" cried the old ladies  
 and the girls, crowding closer. Even the  
 solid bankers, who in town would not have  
 seen the Italian though he had crossed their  
 path a dozen times a day, in this idle hour  
 looked at him with a feeble interest.

"He says he







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